Tha. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady:
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight. Kin.* And with the third?

Thai. The third, of *Antioch*; and his deuice,
A wreath of Chiually: the word: *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

4. *Knight. Kin.* What is the fourth,

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe;
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

Kin. Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight. Thai.* The fift, an Hand enuironed with Clouds,
Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride:
The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

6. *Knight. Kin.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which,
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie deliuered?

Thai. Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,
The motto: *In hac spe viuo.*

Kin. A pretty morrall frō the deiected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward shew
Can any way speake in his iust commend:
For by his rustie outside, he appeares,
To haue practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd tryumph, strangly furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

Kin. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie.

Great shoutes, and all cry, the meane Knight.

Enter

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were superflu
I place vpon the volume of your deedes,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe:
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
You are Princes, and my guestes.

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this Wreath of victorie I giue,
And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Peri. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
And here (I hope) is none that enuies it:
In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you are her labourd scholler: come Queene a th'fe
For (Daughter) so you are; heere take your place:
Martiall the rest, as they deserue their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good *Symonides.*

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Peri. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
Haue neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Peri. You are right courtious Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.
By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
These Cates resist mee, hee not thought vpon.

Tha. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme vnsauery,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

Kin. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no mo
Then other Knights haue done, ha's broken a Staffe,